

MORTON

The
Invincibles

Musical Farce in 2 act

By
Thomas Morton

3



The Invincibles.

Brusque. Halt! halt! D—n it, corporal! why don't your fellows halt when I give the word of command?

Act I. Scene 2.

Thos. H. Lacy

THE INVINCIBLES: *the*

A MUSICAL FARCE,

Sheffield

In Two Acts,

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

*Author of Speed the Plough, A Cure for the Heart-Ache, Town and Country,
The Way to get Married, The School of Reform, Secrets worth Knowing,
The Slave, The Knight of Snowdoun, Zorinski, Columbus,
The Children in the Wood, &c.*

Thos. H. Lacy

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

From a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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REMARKS.

The Indivincibles.

MR. MORTON'S short excursions into the regions of Farce are exceedingly pleasant, and remind us of those agreeable suburban trips that fine weather, and the facility of locomotion, tempt us to take;—when, after enjoying delightful prospects, good fare, and cheerful company, we are out and home again in a summer's day.

Catholicism, though it enjoin penance and mortification, is no enemy, at appointed seasons, to mirth and masquerading. Hers are merry saints, for they never come without giving their votaries a holiday. A right jovial prelate was the pope who first invented carnivals. On that joyful saturnalia, racks and thumbscrews, fire and faggots, are put by; whips and hair-shirts are exchanged for lutes and dominos; and music, which devils and puritans abhor, inspires equally their diversions and devotions. How different from the maudlin mummery of those hypocritical mumpers, who substituted their discordant nasal twang for the solemn harmony of cathedral music; who altered St. Peter's phrase, "*The Bishop of your souls*," into the *Elder* (!!!) of your souls; and, for "*Thy Kingdom come*," in the Lord's Prayer, brayed forth, thy *Commonwealth* come!—insulting Heaven with their profane trash, and rejecting our glorious rubric, which is full of divine hope, beautiful morality, and majestic adoration. "*The Prince of Darkness*," says Lear, "*is a gentleman*." We wish we could say as much of his Puritans!

'Tis carnival time, when every good Catholic is allowed to wear a mask—(Jack Presbyter wears *his* all the year round!)—and Captain Florvil, with five dashing young officers, disguised as pilgrims, intend carrying off the lovely Juliette, vi et armis, from the guardianship of General Verdun. The general confounds all carnivals, with the pope that invented them; for they give him the extra trouble of keeping open house, closing his jealousies, counting in and out all maskers that enter, and keeping a sharp eye (no sinecure!) on his ward. But vain are man's precautions when opposed to woman's wit! Victoire, my

lady's confidante, with mischief in every twinkle of her wicked eye, and a legion of naughty demons in her dimples, is resolved to out-general the old soldier. She resorts to various stratagems to carry away his hat, cloak, mask, and cane, to her lady's apartment; but 'tis diamond cut diamond, and Argus comes off victorious. The last trick is the crowning one. The general, unobserved, shuts Juliette in his own room, and slyly retreats into hers, whither the said cloak and its accompaniments have been clandestinely conveyed by Victoire. The pilgrims, emboldened by the promised success of their enterprise, unmask; when, tripping tip-toe from her chamber, they behold a fair form muffled up in the well-known disguise. 'Tis Juliette! How the old boy will be quizzed! He'll run the gauntlet of the whole line! He won't dare to show his face again, for a hundred! "Done!" roars the figure, unmasking. Confusion!—The general himself!—Yet 'tis all fair in carnival time. True, gentlemen; and now comes my frolic. The drum beats; a file of soldiers enter; the gallants are marched away to Fort Rivage, for being off guard without leave; and Cerberus chuckles with delight at having out-manœuvred the élité, and out-flanked the Lancers. So! six brave lovers marched to prison, and, of course, six disconsolate young damsels left behind! "But what's this?" quoth Victoire, picking up a paper which the general, in his ecstatic exit, capering and singing, had dropped. A re-inforcement of seven of the Invincibles to the fort, lest the prisoners should escape. Woman's wit be on the alert, now or never! New uniforms are in the house; the two ladies (thanks to the commander's military mania!) are perfect in the manual exercise; and both are ready to present arms, when the man of their heart cries—Forward!

Now, the redoubtable garrison of Fort Rivage consists of three humorists—Brusque, O'Slash, and Tactique; the first minus an arm, the second a leg, the third his trigger eye. The Cyclops is a scholar;—he bothers the Irishman with the pride of his learning, crams him with Polyphemus and Alexander the Great, and gets paid back in his own coin. For O'Slash (who was always head boy at the wrong end of the class!) insists that Alexander studied top-o-graphy with one Paddy Bluecephalus, and conquered Darius, king of Prussia; and that Polyphemus was the great woman, called Polly Fernus! To the custody of these unique warriors Captain Florvil and his brother offi-

cers are committed ; but they are hardly settled in their new quarters ere the seven Invincibles march in, and receive a sharp drilling from Serjeant Brusque, who pronounces them of the awkward squad, and rebukes them accordingly. A whisper from Victoire (the corporal) informs the captain who they are ; the agreeable news spreads like wildfire ; and, during the momentary absence of the extraordinary three, the Invincibles receive (front rank kneeling !) the homage of their prisoners. The general arrives, and, without any suspicion of the trick, sets the officers at liberty. With a heavy heart and a sorrowful countenance, he informs Florvil that his Julietta has eloped. The intelligence is received with a nonchalance that would make a Quaker kick his mother ! Another arrival follows in the person of Chevalier Dorval, the father of Juliette ; and here occurs some laughable equivoue. Finding that the chevalier had destined him to be his son-in-law, Florvil lets slip the secret that the Invincibles are women, which so completely turns the joke against General Verdun, that he pathetically implores he may not be giggled to death by girls, stand the cannonade of women's tongues in full play, be quizzed, and no revenge ! He asks shot for shot : the carnival is not over—give him but half an hour's sport, and he will finish it in style. To cure the saucy runaways (whom he longs to hug) of campaigning, and make them repent of wearing the peculiars (before marriage) that especially belong to their lords, he proposes, that, disguised as Algerines, they shall attack the fort, and terrify the fair belligerents into submission. All this is done with very ludicrous effect. The Invincibles throw down their arms, run screaming into the barracks, resume their female attire, and, in her hurry, Victoire, wearing a modest Quaker-cap and a white gown, forgets to pull off a pair of formidable mustachios !

The bluff old general, with a spice of the amorous, was well suited to the talents of Mr. Fawcett ; and Bartley, Power, and Meadows, as the one-armed, one-legged, one-eyed garrison, rivalled some of the odd heroes in Hogarth's March to Finchley. But what shall we say of Corporal Vestris and her Invincibles ? Why, that the brave veterans of Badajos never entered or became a breech better !



D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Feb. 28, 1828.

<i>General Verdun</i>	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Chevalier Dorval</i>	Mr. Baker.
<i>Captain Florvil</i>	Mr. Wood.
<i>Brusque</i>	Mr. Bartley.
<i>O'Slash</i>	Mr. Power.
<i>Tactique</i>	Mr. Meadows.
<i>Frivole</i>	Mr. Horrebow.
<i>Porter</i>	Mr. Isaacs.
<i>Juliette</i>	Miss Cawse.
<i>Desire</i>	Mrs. Brown.
<i>Therese</i>	Miss Thomasin.
<i>Emilie</i>	Miss Lydia.
<i>Sophie</i>	Miss Scott.
<i>Victoire</i>	Madame Vestris.

Five Officers of Captain Florvil's Corps, Guards, Servants, &c.

SCENE—In the south of France.

Costume.

GENERAL VERDUN.—Handsome dark-blue dress coat, faced with white, and gold epaulettes—eagles—silk sash—sword and belt—white breeches—jack boots—General's hat and feather.

CHEVALIER DORVAL.—Gray military overall coat, lined with white—opera hat—iron-gray wig, bald at the top—small tied tail.

CAPTAIN FLORVIL.—White coat, turned up with red, and buttoned across the breast—red collar and cuffs—silver epaulettes, lace, and eagles—red trousers, with silver stripes—straps under the boots—spurs—dragoon accoutrements—red Polish cap.

OFFICERS OF THE SAME CORPS.—Similar to Florvil's.

BRUSQUE.—Dark-blue long-tailed coat—white breeches, with red stripes—Wellington boots—sword, belt, and sash—stripes on the arm as a Sergeant.

O'SLASH.—Green jacket, turned up with red—green trousers, with red stripes—Wellington boots—stripes on the arm as a Corporal.

TACTIQUE.—White coat, turned up with red—white breeches and continuations, with black buttons—infantry accoutrements.

INVINCIBLES.—Coats and trousers rather darker than Waterloo blue, turned up with red—red stripes down the trousers, with straps under Wellington boots—red epaulettes—white belts—the bayonet belt has a sword before the bayonet—light infantry muskets, with polished barrels—infantry hats and feathers—the whole accoutred with knapsacks, &c., as soldiers on the march.

TWO BOYS, as Drummer and Fifer to the Invincibles. — Red jackets, laced with white, and fringed very close on the arms.

GUARDS.—White, turned up with blue—black belts—Hessian boots—muskets.

PORTER.—Brown suit.

LADIES —White, pink, and blue slips, covered with muslin.

THE INVINCIBLES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A handsome Apartment in General Verdun's House—a large window, c. F., through which is seen an Illuminated Street in Carnival time, and Maskers parading to and fro—a table and two chairs, R.—lights and writing materials on the table.*

Enter VICTOIRE, L. — *She runs to the window, admiring the Maskers, and kissing her hand to them.*

Vic. [*Coming forward.*] How hard to be shut up in this Hotel de Ville, when the whole city is revelling in the fun and frolic of a carnival!

Enter a PORTER and two Servants, L. — *the Porter motions them, and the Servants close the blinds of the window.*

Vic. What! not allowed to look at the maskers?

Por. Such are the general's orders.

Vic. [*Aside.*] Very well, master of mine!—Many folks pay for peeping; now you shall pay for preventing it.

Por. Now listen to the general's instructions. [*Reading a paper.*] “As, according to the villanous usage of Carnivals, no maskers can be refused admittance, count every one who enters, and count them out again; and let none of the family pass the gate, except myself. You know my cloak, panache, and mask. I have said it.” And we know, when the general has said it, that——

Vic. He has said it—and you have said it—and I have said it! So, away to your kennel, old Cerberus, and take your other two heads with you.

Por. [*Going.*] “Count them in, and count them out.”

[*Exeunt Porter and Servants, L.*]

Vic. “Let none of my establishment pass the gate, but myself—you know my cloak.” Now, if I could but contrive to——

Porter. [Without, L.] Pass one!

Vic. One!—Well, one's better than none.

Enter FRIVOLE, L., in a domino—he bows to Victoire, and she courtesies to him.

Fri. [Aside.] I'll preserve my incognito, that the joy of finding 'tis her dear Frivole may be the greater.

Vic. [Aside.] One of my admirers—but which? I guess! [Aloud.] Ah, now preux Chevalier—[Frivole shakes his head.] [Aside.] Perhaps 'tis the Count. [Aloud.] Monsieur, this is an honour—[Frivole again shakes his head.] Then you're the Abbé La Fleur. [Frivole still expresses a negative.] No!

Fri. [Aside.] A pleasant list of rivals!

Vic. Or Adjutant Liguement; or one of the second battalion of the seventy-sixth; or——

Fri. [Unmasking.] Phew!—I must unmask to escape suffocation. [Walks about indignantly.]

Vic. Ah, Frivole! is it only you?

Fri. Only me! That's very well! I don't mind a rival or two; but when you charge me with a whole battalion——

Vic. [Aside.] As one is better than none, I'll coax a bit. [Aloud.] And you really supposed I did not know you? [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! Could any disguise conceal that unmatched bow?—Or could that Mandarin nod-dle of the head belong to anybody but that of the modern Antinonius—Monsieur Frivole? [He bows.] But the news—where's your master?

Fri. Captain Florvil, and five dashing comrades, are without, as pilgrims, and mean this night to carry off the lovely Juliette, vi et armis.

Vic. Vi et armis!—Gibberish! Instead of provoking the red arm of Mars, invoke the keen head of Mercury. Listen: maskers will be counted in and counted out, and no other can pass the gate but the general, whose accoutrements are known. Now, I mean to get possession of his cloak and mask, convey them to Juliette's apartment, equip her in them, and then she——

Fri. Escapes with her lover. Delightful!

Vic. What a clever fellow you are to find that out!—[Laughing.] Ha, ha! Yes, she escapes—not vi et armis, but by the irresistible tactics of female manœuvring.

Fri. And if you succeed, Captain Florvil will present us with fifty louis-d'ors on our marriage day.

Vic. I hope they bear interest, for years may elapse before that halcyon morning dawns.

Fri. Nay, Victoire, have I not earned——

Vic. Nonsense! — Go earn the money, by telling the captain my plan of the campaign.

General Verdun. [*Without, R.*] Very well—very well. [*Coughing.*] Bring them this way.

Vic. Hush! that's the general's cough. So off without noise, like a shot from an air-gun, and show your sex's superiority in doing what I can't.

Fri. What's that?

Vic. Hold your tongue.

[*Exit Frivole, L.*]

Porter. [*Without, L.*] Pass one!

Vic. So, general, you hate carnivals! Now, as no one should hate without a cause, I'll give you a cause, or may I die in what ladies that can't help it denominate single blessedness! I've said it—hem!

[*Exit, L. S. E.*]

Enter GENERAL VERDUN, L., followed by two Servants, with a bundle of new uniforms, which they display.

Gen. Ah, these uniforms will do, and the facings are very handsome; lay them by. [*Exit Servants, R.*] Confound all carnivals! and confound the pope that invented them!—I've said it!—Why, the invention of gunpowder was innocent, compared to the capers, crotchets, and devildoms of a carnival! This Juliette—this child of my ill-fated, banished comrade, is as difficult to command as a regiment of mutineers. I must see if she's safe in her own room.

[*Crossing to R. S. E.*]

Re-enter VICTOIRE, L. S. E., with a cloak, hat, mask, and cane, without perceiving the General.

Vic. I have got them! [*Seeing him, and faintly screaming.*] Oh, sir! how you frightened me!

Gen. I hope you don't apprehend any awkward consequences from a fright, my pretty little innocent? [*Aside.*] Viper! [*Aloud.*] Why, you look all of a heap!

Vic. This is your honour's cloak and hat, mask and cane.

Gen. [*Aside.*] There's mischief in every twinkle of her eye, a lie at the tip of her tongue, and a score of naughty imps are hid in her dimples! What devildom is she at now? I'll try. [*Aloud.*] You're very attentive; come, assist me to put them on.

Vic. [*Embarrassed.*] Sure, sir, you would not be so imprudent as to go out on a carnival night?

Gen. If so imprudent to go out, why so kind as to bring my cloak, &c.?

Vic. Oh! I brought the cloak and hat, sir—to—[*With quickness.*] be brushed.

Gen. And did the mask and cane want brushing?

Vic. No: the mask was pinned to the hat, and the cane is to beat the cloak, you know.

Gen. You're a good girl. [*Aside.*] I've said it—heaven forgive me! If that cloak is not to cover some roguery, I'll be—[*Putting his hand on his mouth.*] I almost said it! [*Victoire places the cloak, &c., on a chair, L.*] Attention, general!—Eyes right!—Where's your mistress?

Vic. (L.) In her boudoir, looking at the maskers.

Gen. I dare say; and [*Removing one of the jealousies.*] I dare say the maskers are looking at her! Now there's a fellow telegraphing her!

[*Imitates the motions of a telegraph, and slams the jealousies with force.*]

Vic. If I were you, sir, I would not be plagued so; I would get rid of her at once. I know a certain captain—

Gen. And I know seventeen certain captains, thirty-five uncertain lieutenants, and a flock of gosling ensigns, all cackle and feather, quick ready and willing to marry her; but—[*With decision.*]—no! She remains single till my persecuted and banished friend returns to claim his child. I've said it! Suppose I were to get rid of her, as you say, and her father was to return: "Where's Juliette Dorval?" says he. There's no such person, says I. "What, is she no more?" says he. A great many more, says I: she's mother of three pair of twins, two chapping boys, and four fine girls. "Friend of my youth," says he, "you're a scoundrel!" Partner of my heart, says I, that's a—hem! Crack goes the pistol—whiz goes my bullet—down he drops;—expiring, says he is perfectly satisfied, and I have the satisfaction of having bereaved a child of a virtuous father, whilst abandoning her to the arms of a libertine husband! No—she remains single: I've said it!

[*Crosses to L.*]

Vic. Bah!

Gen. No: I shall place her in her father's arms, saying, Chevalier Dorval, embrace your virtuous and accomplished daughter! Accomplished, indeed, she is; for she can draw fortifications, play all our marches as well as the

drum-major, and is as perfect in the manual as a fugleman. You know you both have learned your exercise, and, let me tell you, that's a very elegant achievement for a young woman.

Vic. [*Placing herself in a military attitude.*] And so graceful!

Gen. You are perfect—ain't you?

Vic. Quite. [*Aside.*] And ready to present arms, when the man of my heart cries—[*Holding out her arms.*]—Forward!

Gen. Have you practised lately?

Vic. Not your favourite movement.

Gen. What's that, you little, tempting—

[*Smacking his lips.*]

Vic. [*Getting further from him.*] The Salute! [*Taking up the cloak, &c.*] I'll lay your cloak carefully by.

Gen. After 'tis brushed.

Vic. To be sure.

[*Slips into Julietta's room, R. S. E., with the cloak, &c.*]

Gen. [*Looking after her.*] Oh! ah! 'tis to be brushed in my ward's boudoir! There's more schemes in that girl's head than in the Patent Office. Attention, general, or you'll be beat! [*Guitars heard without, L.*] Here come those rascally serenaders, and I must receive them with hospitality and civility, and be d—— I almost said it!—[*Calling.*] Juliette, my dear!

Enter JULIETTE and VICTOIRE, R. S. E.

Here's company. Within, there! refreshments for the maskers! [*Music without, L.—the General sits, R.*]

CONCERTED PIECE.—SERENADERS.

Accompanied by the Harp, L.

CAPTAIN FLORVIL and OFFICERS, [*Without, L.*] JULIETTE, VICTOIRE, GENERAL VERDUN, and PORTER.

<i>Flo. &</i>	}	Weary pilgrims, lowly kneeling,
<i>Officers.</i>		Homage pay at Beauty's shrine.
<i>Jul. &</i>	}	Gay gallants, to hearts appealing,
<i>Vic.</i>		Shall not vainly sigh and pine.

[*The General rises and comes forward, R.*]

Gen. [*Aside.*] Rakes and rascals—would be stealing!

By and by, I'll spring a mine!

Porter. [*Without.*] Gentle sirs, don't make a rout.

Enter PORTER, L., followed by CAPTAIN FLORVIL and FIVE OFFICERS, disguised as Pilgrims.

Porter. Count them in, and count them out.
One, two, three, four, five, six.

Flo. & Officers. } Weary pilgrims, lowly kneeling,
Homage pay at Beauty's shrine.

[The Porter crosses to the General, R.]

Gen. Holy palmers, unmask; by that I shall know—
[They decline.]

Jul. & Vic. } They're right to preserve their incognito.

Vic. } They're sly, and preserve their incognito.

Florvil, Officers, } Now whisper—he watches; I know it is you.

Jul. & Vic. } Be steady—be ready;—we all know our cue!

Gen. They whisper—they plot! Then I'll whisper, too.

[He whispers the Porter, who exits, L.]

Enter Servants, R., with wine and refreshments.

CHORUS.

During which the Servants help the Officers to wine, &c.

The juice of the bowl

Is rosy and mellow;

The lip of the bowl

Cries, Kiss me, good fellow!

No gay, jolly pilgrim will ever decline

To pay his devotions at Bacchus's shrine.

Then drink of the bowl, &c.

[Exeunt Servants, R.—Distant chimes heard.]

Gen. Hark!—The chimes of dull midnight all mortals
invite

To welcome their pillows. — Kind pilgrims, good
night.

CHORUS.

Hark!—The chimes of dull midnight all mortals
invite

To welcome their pillows. } Kind pilgrims, { good
Fair ladies, {
night!

[Exeunt Servants, L.—The General takes Juliette's hand, and, retreating unobserved, shuts her in his room, L. S. E., locking the door—then crosses, and runs into Juliette's apartment, R. S. E.—Captain Florvil and the Officers unmask.]

Vic. Have you seen Frivole?

Flo. Yes; and we admire your plan, and adore you for contriving it.

Officers. [*Surrounding her.*] Oh, you charming—

Vic. Gentlemen, gentlemen. one at a time, if you please. Hush! I think I hear Juliette. The door opens. You may venture. How well she's disguised! Mum!

Re-enter GENERAL VERDUN, R. S. E., enveloped in a cloak, with hat, mask, and cane—he lowers his figure to the stature of Juliette, and trips to the front, R.

Vic. Not a word—you must go first. [*The general nods.*] I'll soon follow; and till then, farewell, kind mistress! [*The general embraces her.*] Oh, what a squeeze! I'm frightened out of my senses! That was not a woman's squeeze, I know.

Flo. Away, or I shall laugh outright. [*To the Officers.*] How the old boy will be quizzed!

First O. He'll run the gauntlet of the whole line!

Flo. I'll bet a hundred he won't dare show his face among us!

Gen. [*Unmasking.*] Done!—I'll take that bet

Vic. I'm shot!

Omnes. The devil!

[*They turn up, c.*]

Gen. Thank ye!

Flo. [*Walking about furiously.*] Confusion! rage!

Gen. What! officers under my command to attempt such a thing! Oh, captain, you will do yourself a mischief, if you fret so! Remember, you're a hundred pounds the lighter already.

Flo. In carnival times, sir, frolics are excusable.

Gen. I'm glad you think so, because I'm just going to have mine. [*Calling.*] A guard!

The drum beats, L.—Enter a ~~Colonel~~ and Sergeant, with Guards—the Officers endeavour to escape by the window, which is thrown open, but are prevented by six soldiers without, who present their bayonets through it.

Gen. Excuse your old twaddling commander, whose memory is so very bad, that he don't recollect having given you leave to be off guard. [*They all hang their heads.*] What, no excuse?

Flo. Yes, the best—love; that cuts the matter short.

Gen. Yes, indeed. Then, to prevent your cutting other

matters short, deliver up your swords—you are prisoners! [*The Officers give up their swords to the soldiers.*]

Flo. Prisoners!—You said it was a diversion.

Gen. Yes, a military one. [*To the Guards.*] Escort the pilgrims to Fort Rivage, on the coast. I've said it! March! [*Exeunt Captain Florvil and Officers, L., guarded—the other soldiers quit the window.*] Ha! ha!—There go the church militant! [*Calling off.*] Porter! you may open the doors—let all the world in, and all the world out! [*Crossing to R., and giving Victoire a key.*] There! you'll find your mistress in my room. [*Taking off his cloak, &c.*] And there's my cloak; lay it by in lavender, but—after 'tis brushed. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! [*Victoire is going, R. S. E.*] Come back!—Shut those blinds. [*Victoire closes the blinds—the General goes to the table, and writes.*] Egad! I'm so tickled with out-manceuvring the élité, and out-flanking the Lancers! [*Giving Victoire a paper.*] Tell the Porter to despatch that immediately.

Vic. I hope you won't punish poor me!

Gen. What, a conqueror stain his laurels by cruelty to a woman?—A soldier be angry with a pretty girl?

Vic. I was persuaded innocently.

Gen. Oh! you are the representative of innocence—an angel—[*Aside.*] of the lower house! [*Aloud.*] And you know, you rogue, I've a sneaking kindness for you.

Vic. [*Aside.*] Sneaking enough! [*Aloud.*] Ah! did you not, last Thursday, sneak into my room? and did I not scream out?

Gen. Yes, more fool you! I angry! I'll be your gay Troubadour; I'll dance with you—sing with you. I've said it, and I'll do it! Good bye, lovey! “When the wolf's away, the lambs will play.”

[*Exit, capering and singing, R.*]

Vic. Bah!—You're a pretty innocent lamb! So, six gay lovers marched off to prison—of course, six disconsolate damsels left behind! Oh! if they had my spirit, and would let me command them! [*Looking at the paper given her by the General.*] What's this? [*Reading.*] “To Sergeant Brusque, Commandant of Fort Rivage.—Fearing the evasion of the prisoners, I've sent a re-inforcement of seven of the Invincibles.—With consideration, VERDUN.” Huzza! this will gain admission to the fort!—It will do! New uniforms are in the house—it will do!

[*Runs to the door, L. S. E., and unlocks it.*]

Re-enter JULIETTE.

Jul. (L.) Oh, Victoire ! 'tis all over !

Vic. All over !—I hope the fun is just beginning. Tell me, mademoiselle, are you brave ?

Jul. Here's the heart of a lion, and I can scratch like a tiger !

Vic. (R.) I wish you were as tall as you are brave ; but never mind.

Jul. Where's Florvil ?

Vic. Gone to prison.

Jul. Would I could follow him !

Vic. You shall : I'll enlist you into the Invincibles.

Jul. Enlist !

Vic. Into the Invincibles.

Jul. You can't be in earnest ?

Vic. Not in earnest ? [*Giving her the paper.*] There's your enlisting money. Oh, this terrible love ! Our case is desperate ; but I'll sing against it, and I wish all my sex heard it.

SONG.—VICTOIRE.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,

Oh, never fall in love !

Better lead apes—you know where,

Than ever fall in love.

For men, their ends to gain,

Are cruel when most kind ;

Their tears are false as rain,—

Their vows are only wind.

And if you say them no,

They swear their hearts are broke ;

Yet when half dead with woe,

How nice and gay they look.

Fall not in love, &c.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,

Oh, never fall in love !

Better lead apes—you know where,

Than ever fall in love.

For if a rake you wed,

For better and for worse,

When honey-moons are fled,

Oh, how he'll squeeze your purse !

And if you scold all night,
 Quite easy, by the by,
 Your husband, grown polite,
 Snores most melodiously.
 Fall not in love, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—The Interior of Fort Rivage—a marine view in the distance, comprehending an extensive bay, terminated by a chain of Pyrenian mountains—a port-cullis, C.—barracks, R.—a prison, L.

TACTIQUE (who has lost his right eye) discovered walking before the prison, as a sentinel, reading.

Enter BRUSQUE and O'SLASH (the first having lost an arm, the other a leg) from the barracks, R. S. E.

Brus. (C.) Six officers!—Dashing, desperate dogs, no doubt—guarded by three invalids. Critical position the general has placed us in! What can he mean by it?

O'Slash. (R.) To pay us a compliment, to be sure.—The prisoners are six, and we are three; but then we three are twice as old, which makes it just even.

Brus. That may be Irish arithmetic.

O'Slash. And don't the Irish multiply better than any creatures on the face of the earth, barrin' rabbits?

Brus. [To Tactique, who advances, L.] I propose we hold a council of war, Tactique.

O'Slash. [Crossing to c.] What are you doing there, with your one eye?

Tac. Studying the art of war—improving myself.

O'Slash. Improving yourself at your time of life, and with that personal appearance? Oh, for shame! I should blush to say so.

Brus. Now for discussion. You, Corporal O'Slash, of the Irish Legion, being junior, speak first—what do you say?

O'Slash. What do I say?—Why, I say so, too.

Brus. Say so, too!—But what is your opinion?

O'Slash. My opinion is, that—I'm always unanimous—I know a soldier's duty. Write me down unanimous—that's my private opinion.

Tac. Vaubon says, section fourteen, article forty-two—

O'Slash. (C.) Oh, don't bother, with the pride of your learning!

Tac. (L.) Alexander the Great was a scholar.

O'Slash. And do you think I don't know that same? Didn't he study top-o-graphy with one Paddy Bluecephalus? and didn't he conquer Darius, king of Prussia? [*To Brusque.*] He thinks nobody knows how many the eight parts of speech are but himself. Now I was such a genius, that I knew naturally quite as much before I went to school, as I did when I came away from it. I was always head boy—at the wrong end of the class. But at football and hurling—I wish you'd been there! it would have done your eye good!

Tac. Ah! the Olympic games——

O'Slash. Bother!—Did you ever read in ancient history of Donnybrook Fair? There's the seminary for gymnastics, and blackthorn-sticks, and all other kinds of sticks! that's the place for mutual instruction! Shiver the shilalah—that's hors-de-combat!—It would delight you to see us crackle-heads with such amicable hostility and sociable animosity: that's what an Irishman calls being universally unanimous.

Tac. My system is caution.

Brus. And what have you got by your system?

Tac. What you both want—the regular number of arms and legs.

O'Slash. [*Disdainfully.*] Ugh! your poor quadruped! Calls them legs!

Tac. They're the best I ever had.

O'Slash. But haven't you lost your trigger-eye?

Tac. By neglecting my system. Caution says, when you fire, shut both eyes: I only closed one, and the explosion closed the other. But there have been many one-eyed heroes, Hannibal, for instance, and that great man, called Polyphemus.

O'Slash. You mean that great woman, called Polly Fernus, you ignoramus! [*A noise without, L.*]

Brus. The prisoners are desperate.

O'Slash. Yes, desperate jolly.

Brus. Bravo! that's the true metal of a soldier, to laugh in spite of damp dungeons, dry bread, and ditch water.

O'Slash. They're unanimous.

Captain Florvil. [*Without, L.*] Unbar the door—we are suffocated!

Brus. [*Unbarring the prison door, L.*] Only one at a time, captain.

Enter CAPTAIN FLORVIL, L. S. E.

Flo. Phew ! have you no perfumes to throw about that infernal dog-hole ?

Brus. I'm surprised at your expression. I'm sure the straw is clean.

O'Slash. It was, before the pigs had the run of it.

Flo. I wish this instantly to be forwarded to head-quarters. [*To O'Slash, offering a letter.*] Oblige me, my good friend.

O'Slash. Your good friend, am I ? Last night you said you would knock my brains out ; however, that sha'n't break no squares : upon the honour of an Irishman, I've forgot it.

Flo. I perceive you have.

O'Slash. Or I would scorn to mention it.

[*Takes the letter, and crosses to L.*]

Brus. But, noble captain, I cannot believe you have tarnished your well-earned fame as a soldier.

Flo. Disgrace the name of a soldier ! If to adore a lovely woman be criminal, I am guilty, on my honour.

SONG.—FLORVIL.

I have pluck'd the sweetest flower,
I have dream'd in fancy's bower ;
I have bask'd in beauty's eyes,
I have mingled melting sighs.
If all these sweets to hive,
I'm the guiltiest man alive ;
But, gentle maids, believe,
I never can deceive,
Nor cause your breasts to heave
With a sad heigho !

But to raise in beauty's frame
The burning blush of shame,
Or bid the tear to start,
Far be it from my heart.
Such base attempts I scorn ;
To honour was I born.
Then, gentle maidens, spare
The heart you thus ensnare ;
Or the willow I must wear,
With a sad heigho !

[*A drum heard at a distance, L. U. R.*]

Brus. In—into your prison! [*Exit Florvil, L. S. E.*]
Tactique, man the ramparts, and reconnoitre.

—*Tac.* [*Looking out at the portcullis, c.*] Troops in full march.

Brus. Challenge.

—*Tac.* Who goes there?

Victoire. [*Without.*] Friends! — A despatch from the commandant.

Brus. Bid him advance to the gate.

VICTOIRE appears on the ramparts, and presents a paper on the point of a bayonet to Tactique, who takes it off, and brings it forward to Brusque.

Brus. Open the despatch, [*To O'Slash.*] and you may read it.

O'Slash. May I? [*Motioning that he cannot read, and crossing with importance to R.*] Not before the sergeant-major; that would be neither civil nor military.

Brus. [*Reading the paper.*] “To Sergeant Brusque, Commander of Fort Rivage.—Fearing the evasion of the prisoners, I have sent a reinforcement of seven of the Invincibles. — With consideration, VERDUN.” Ah! ah! six prisoners, three invalids, and seven Invincibles! — [*Crossing pompously to R.*] My fortress assumes an importance!

O'Slash. And so does the commandant. I've seen just such a little bantum as that strut on a dunghill.

Brus. Open the gates, and receive the Invincibles.

Victoire. [*Without.*] March!

Enter, marching, VICTOIRE, JULIETTE, SOPHIE, and four Ladies, attired as Soldiers, carrying muskets, &c., Victoire as Corporal, the rest rank and file—two boys, as drummer and fife—they march quite round from L. to L. again.

Vic. Halt! form division! halt! — Carry arms! slow time—march! — Halt! — Rear rank, take open order—march! — Present arms! [*The drum rolls.*] Shoulder arms! Rear rank, take close order—march!

Brus. Egad, they are smart fellows; I'll give 'em a little drilling myself.

O'Slash. Do, my old cock; put 'em through their facings.

Brus. To the right face—quick march! — Halt, front! [*The drum and fife march quickly off, R.*] Form single

rank—to the left close—quick march! [*Rebuking one of them.*] Steady, man! Eyes right—dress!—Eyes front—support arms! [*Rebuking another.*] Keep your eye upon your corporal. Carry arms! advance arms! shoulder arms!—Right about face! slow time—march! halt!—Front, prepare to charge! [*Crossing with O'Slash to c.*] Quick march!—Charge! [*The Invincibles charge upon the Invalids, and nearly drive them off.*] Halt! halt!—[*Furiously.*] D—n it, corporal! why don't your fellows halt, when I give the word of command?

O'Slash. Oh, they are terrible chaps, to be sure; the devil himself would not stop them!

Brus. Attention!—To the right about face—quick march!—Halt, front!—Order arms!—Stand at ease!—Lodge your arms! [*They place their muskets, R. U. E.*]

O'Slash. Stand at ease!—That's what I haven't done these ten years; for I feel a considerable pain in the leg I've lost.

[*Crosses to R.*]

Vic. [*Coming forward, c.*] General Verdun has—

Brus. I know. [*Bowing to the corps.*] You are welcome to my fortress, which I have commanded all the war, and it has never been taken.

O'Slash. [*Aside, R.*] Because it has never been attacked.

Vic. But where are your prisoners?

All the Females. [*Gathering round Brusque.*] Aye, where are your prisoners?

Brus. Holloa!—Learn that a soldier's first duty is obedience—silent obedience.

Females. To be sure; we all know silent obedience is indispensable.

O'Slash. 'Pon my honour, as to the article of silent obedience, they are unanimous!

Brus. [*Taking out a paper, and reading.*] “As on the im—pre—preg—na——”

O'Slash. That's a bothering word: skip it by—hop it over; that's the way I larnt to read in Ireland.

Brus. [*Reading.*] “As on the impregnability of this fortress may depend the fate of empires”—ahem!—“attend to the garrison regulations.”

All the Females. Silence! silence! silence!

O'Slash. I never heard so much silence before!

Brus. [*Reading.*] “Article the First.—Any soldier bringing his mistress into the fort will be punished by imprisonment.”

O' Slash. That's a heart-breaking regulation !

Vic. Has it broke your heart ?

O' Slash. No ; but it has broke the heart of many a darling that could not get a sight of me.

Brus. [*Reading.*] "*Article the Second. — And if any female obtain admission by stratagem, she shall be punished.*"

Vic. [*Alarmed.*] By death ?

O' Slash. (R.) Worse—bread and water !

Vic. You hear, soldiers : if any of ye are found with a petticoat——

Brus. One article more I must mention : we are rather short of beds in the garrison ; however, you shall share ours. [*Some of the Invincibles go up.*]

Vic. That's rather an interesting article !

O' Slack. Oh, there'll only be three to each.

Sop. [*Aside to Juliette.*] What shall we do ?

Jut. [*Aside.*] Let's kill them directly, and release our lovers.

Vic. [*Apart to them.*] Not directly ;—we'll kill them the cool of the evening.

Brus. Invincibles, deposit your knapsacks in the barracks.

[*Exeunt all the Females except Juliette and Victoire into the barracks, R. S. E.*]

Vic. [*To Juliette, giving her the knapsack.*] Hercules, take my knapsack.

O' Slash. Stop, Mr. Hercules ; your belt is in disorder. [*Adjusting it.*] Let me put it right.

Jut. Be quiet—you tickle me ! [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

O' Slash. [*Imitating her.*] Be quiet—you tickle me !—That's mighty comical ! I have heard of a soldier being drunkish, and glumpish, and devilish, but I never heard of his being tickleish ! [*Crosses to L.*]

Vic. It seems to tickle you. The poor fellows are fatigued.

Brus. Fatigued !—That's an unsoldier-like expression ; but they shall have wine.

Vic. Oh, they are not thirsty.

O' Slash. That's an unsoldier-like expression, if you please. A soldier not thirsty ! The thing's impossible.

Vic. I must see Captain Florvil.

Brus. What's the cause of his imprisonment ?

Vic. The cause of all the misery and confusion in this world—woman !

Brus. (R.) Ah! those girls—those girls! they never will let us soldiers alone.

~~==~~ *Tac.* (L.) No, never!

[*O' Slash laughs on hearing Tactique, and claps his hand upon his eye.*]

Vic. As your orders are to treat the prisoners with all the respect and indulgence consistent with the safety of the garrison, suppose you give them the liberty of the fortress on their parole.

O' Slash. [*To Brusque.*] Do you record with that proposition?

~~==~~ *Tac.* [*Correcting him.*] Accord.

O' Slash. [*Menacing Tactique.*] Mind your eye! [*To Brusque.*] Do you record with it?

Brus. Yes, I do—accord with it.

O' Slash. You may accord with it, but I record with it. So I second the motion.

Brus. Then you and Tactique see all arranged in the barracks.

O' Slash. If you want to keep a soldier in close custody, always give him his parole; for the man that would be base enough to break his parole, would not scruple for feiting his word. [*Slapping Tactique on the back.*] There's a sentiment, my old Cyclops, that would do honour to Paddy Bluecephalus himself!

~~— — — — —~~ [*Exeunt O' Slash and Tactique, R. 3d E.*]

Brus. [*Unlocking the prison door, L. S. E.*] Captain Florvil, descend! [*Crosses to R.*]

Re-enter CAPTAIN FLORVIL from the prison.

Vic. [*Crossing to him.*] Captain Florvil, I ask the honour—

Flo. Sir, I am charmed—[*Aside, disdainfully.*] A corporal!

Vic. It seems you're in love.

Flo. [*Elated.*] In love!—Oh!

Brus. (R.) There! he's up to the skies.

Vic. (c.) I'll soon bring him down. And you're a prisoner?

Flo. (L.) [*Sighing.*] Oh!

Brus. You may know he's in love, he looks so sulky.

Vic. And your lover that's so very sad, generally makes a very sad husband.

Flo. [*Angrily.*] You Jackanapes!

Brus. I must interfere.

Vic. No, no; I'll settle him by one word. This way, sir. What, are you afraid?

Flo. [*Crossing towards her, contemptuously.*] Afraid!

Vic. [*Apart to him, in an under tone.*] Victoire!

[*Florvil stands amazed.*]

Brus. There, he has done it!

Flo. [*Apart.*] Victoire!—Where?

Vic. [*Apart.*] Here!

Flo. And Juliette?

Vic. [*Nodding towards the barracks.*] There!

Flo. Is it possible? [*Aloud.*] Brother soldier, I ask the felicity of your friendship; and the firmer our acquaintance, the more agreeable.

Vic. I do not doubt your sincerity.

Flo. And, believe me, I have the same kind disposition towards your whole corps.

Vic. Modest youth!

Brus. That's as it should be. Now, captain, suppose I give you the range of this fortress.

Flo. Sir, if you gave me the key of the fortress, I would not quit you. I respect your person and authority, I admire your wisdom, and am fascinated with your manners.

Brus. 'Tis gratifying to hear one's self justly estimated. And would you answer for the conduct of your comrades?

Flo. With my life!

Brus. [*Crossing to L.*] Then I'll liberate them instantly. Captain, I have the honour——Hem! hem!

[*Exit, consequentially, L. S. E.*]

Flo. Can I believe——

Vic. That we should be so foolish?

Flo. The enterprise is sublime. But who are your martial comrades?

Vic. Who, but heroines, armed for the release of their lovers, to be sure.

Flo. But can we depend on their keeping the secret?

Vic. Oh, yes; there are only seven of us.

Flo. And how do you mean to leave the fort?

Vic. I am afraid we have not thought of that. Our business was to take possession, and we have done it, captain. [*Tapping him on the shoulder.*] 'Tis other folks' business to get us out again. At any rate, we can resume our female equipments, which are safe in our knapsacks; and that, you know, is a uniform a brave man will never insult.

Flo. [*Going up.*] I fly to Juliette!

Vic. Halt!

Re-enter BRUSQUE from the prison. L. S. E., followed by the FIVE OFFICERS.

Officers. [*Pressing anxiously round Brusque.*] Your hand, my brave sergeant!

Brus. I wish I had two for you. [*To Victoire.*] I say, the prisoners must be acquainted with their new guard.—I'll send out the Invincibles.

Vic. Do.

[*Captain Florvil explains in action to his brother Officers, that their mistresses are in the barracks.*

Brus. I think the officers will like them.

Vic. I have no doubt of it.

Brus. And perhaps you can contrive something that may amuse these fine fellows.

Flo. [*Apart to the Officers, R.*] I think we can. — [*Crossing to Brusque, L.*] Sergeant, you're a generous fellow, and we'll make a purse——

Brus. To turn what you are pleased to call a generous fellow into a mercenary scoundrel! Captain, we wear the same ribbon. [*Points to his button-hole.*

Flo. I entreat your pardon. I only meant a subscription—as a testimony——

Brus. Do you subscribe to the articles agreed on, of confiding, soldier-like fellowship, and you'll receive from a French veteran a receipt in full of all demands.

[*Exit, R. S. E.*

Vic. Here come the Invincibles! Now for a shock of arms!

Re-enter all the Ladies from the barracks, R. S. E.

Flo. Juliette!

First O. Sophie!

Second O. Desire!

Third O. Elise!

Fourth O. Emile!

Fifth O. Therese!

[*Together.*]

Vic. First pay your homage—front rank kneeling!

[*The Officers kneel to the Ladies.*

Re-enter BRUSQUE, O'SLASH, and TACTIQUE, R. S. E.

Brus. (R.) Blood and carnage! what's this?

[*The Officers rise.*

Vic. A mere nothing: the prisoners were a little on the qui vive, but, as you saw, we brought them on their knees. Between ourselves, they are a heartless set.

Brus. Then, to establish order, let each soldier select a prisoner, and become responsible for his safety.

Jul. [*Drawing her sword, and advancing to Florvil.*] I take charge of you, sir.

[Each of the Ladies repeat the same, and select an Officer.]

O' Slash. An excellent plan; an Irishman couldn't have done it better.

Brus. [*To the Invincibles.*] What say you to a visit to the mess-room?

O' Slash. Sure, we're unanimous; and there we'll hob and nob in the English fashion.

Brus. The Irish fashion, you mean.

O' Slash. 'Tis all the same thing. I beg to explain how that is. If England and Ireland are sister kingdoms, we must be all brothers—that's clear, I believe;—and may we continue brothers, till we are all grandfathers and grandmothers, and so become our own ancestors to the latest posterity!

FINALE.

CHORUS OF OFFICERS.

When bullets we trade in,
And carnage we wade in,
In siege and parading
The soldier delights.
The music of battle,
The cannon's hoarse rattle,
The musket's gay prattle,
To plunder invites.

Ran tan, &c. [*Drum symphony.*]

VICTOIRE and LADIES.

But the gay circling bowl
Invites us brave fellows to enter and taste it,
And drink to the girl we love best.
So around let us troll,
That Time may not say, we soldiers ere waste it;
For 'tis love gives the banquet the zest.

Ran tan, &c.

CHORUS.

The battle when over
 We feast it in clover,
 And each jolly rover
 Embraces his lass.
 Then away with blue devils !
 The soldier's gay revels
 The dismal soon levels,
 Inspir'd by the glass.
 Ran tan, &c.

[Exeunt, Brusque, Tactique, O' Slash, Victoire, and
 Ladies, marching, R. U. E.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Fort Rivage.*

JULIETTE discovered as Sentinel upon the rampart, L. S. E.

Jul. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! I've had quite enough of military glory ! This horrid brown Bess leans on my arm so heavily—[*Grounds her firelock.*] But some one comes.

[*Shoulders the musket, and marches to and fro.*]

Enter CAPTAIN FLORVIL, R. S. E.

Oh, Florvil ! I am so very weary—

Flo. Dearest Juliette, though the rampart is forbidden ground, I'll venture up. [*O' Slash sings without.*] Confound that Irish corporal !

[*Retires up.*]

Enter O'SLASH, R. S. E.

O' Slash. All well ?

Jul. All's well !

O' Slash. Have you seen anything ?

Jul. Yes—a sea-gull and a rabbit.

O' Slash. (c.) I shall report them both. These delicate French wines attack the brain with very slow approaches, while whiskey takes it by a coup de main. When charged with mountain dew, you are as mad as a March hare, but this stuff makes you as dozy as a dor-mouse. Ah, captain ! I hope you dined elegantly.

Flo. Dined!—Your beef is leather, and those infernal potatoes——

O'Slash. Infernal potatoes! — Och, murther! — Sir, there are subjects too serious to be jested with—potatoes is one; and if I speak respectfully of your villainous French sallads, and d—d soup-maigre, I request the same guarded language as to the early and late champions of Ireland. [Crosses to R.]

Flo. [*Apart to Juliette.*] Sing one of your favourite melodies; it will put him to sleep. [*To O'Slash.*] The sentinel sings an excellent song.

O'Slash. Does he?—I should like to hear him.

[*He brings a chair from R. S. E., and sits R.*—*Florvil* beckons *Juliette* down from the ramparts—she advances, L. C.

SONG.—JULIETTE.

In vintage gay season, a pretty vine-dresser
 Vicw'd her lover a delving below;
 As a cluster of ripeness, the youth long'd to press her,
 But a surly old Argus said, No! [*Points to O'Slash.*
 So she sung, as the tendrils she bent,
 In the shade of the willow
 There's moss for the pillow,
 While streamlets supply
 A sweet lullaby;
 And the old man he nodded consent.

[*Juliette again mounts the rampart.*

O'Slash. Beautiful! — As our Irish poet, Shakspeare, says, “it comes over you like the sweet south.” [*Yawning.*] It would awaken Orpheus, the god of sleep!

Flo. Ha! some one approaches the garrison! Confusion!—The General!

O'Slash. [*Rising in alarm.*] The General!—Hollo! — What, are you all asleep there?

[*Puts the chair into the barracks.*

Enter BRUSQUE, TACTIQUE, the FIVE OFFICERS, VICTOIRE, and Invincibles, R. S. E.

General Verdun. [*Without.*] Open!

Brus. Prisoners, retire! [*Exeunt Officers, L. S. E.*] Invincibles, in line! [*Victoire dresses her troops.*] Here, Tactique, draw my sword! [*To O'Slash and Tactique.*] Battalion, fall in!—Rear rank, take open order!—March!

Vic. [*To the Invincibles.*] Shoulder arms!—Rear rank, take open order!—March!

General Verdun. [*Without.*] Why am I detained?

Brus. I would rather keep you there all day, than not receive you with military honours. What the devil shall we do for a drum? [*To O'Slash.*] You can beat a drum?

O'Slash. An Irishman can beat anything.

[*He beats the drum, which he places L. S. E.—the centre gates are opened—a march heard without.*]

En : GENERAL VERDUN, attended by fourteen Guards. The Invincibles salute him as he passes, but avert their faces.

Gen. [*To the Invincibles.*] Eyes front!

Brus. [*To the Invalids.*] Present arms!

Vic. [*To the Invincibles.*] Present arms! shoulder arms!—Rear rank, take close order!—March!—Order arms!—Stand at ease!

[*The General walks about till they have ordered arms—he then sheathes his sword, and comes forward, c.*]

Gen. [*To the Invalids.*] Well, my brave veterans, have your prisoners sustained the character of good soldiers?

O'Slash. To perfection; for they have drank, roared, and danced.

Brus. Hush!

Gen. Bring them before me. [*Exeunt Brusque, O'Slash, and Tactique, into the prison, L. S. E.*] Corporal! [*Victoire comes forward, R., carrying arms.*] Why, your little men, I think, can never have been in service.

Vic. No, general; but I have—hem!

Gen. Very young to be promoted.

Vic. Rather a favourite of the officers.

Gen. That face is familiar to me.

Vic. Twin brother to Victoire, in your honour's service.

Gen. Indeed!—That accounts for it.

Vic. I did intend cutting your honour's throat.

Gen. [*Starting.*] Cutting my throat!

Vic. For your honour's attempt on my sister's honour.

Gen. I attempt her honour!

Vic. Your honour came into her room last Thursday, before she was——

Gen. I missed the door—hem! [*Giving Victoire a purse.*] Doors are so confoundedly alike!

Vic. Oh ! my honour's satisfied.

Gen. Go—go, and dismiss your men. Between you and I, corporal, they are a cursed awkward squad !

Vic. [*To the Invincibles.*] Dismiss !

[*They take off their bayonets, and lodge their arms,*

R. U. E.

Re-enter CAPTAIN FLORVIL and the FIVE OFFICERS,
L. S. E.—*they exchange nods and winks with the Invincibles, who exeunt into the barracks, R. S. E.*

Gen. I am glad, gentlemen, you are so reconciled to your punishment.

Flo. No punishment, general ; always a pleasure to obey your orders, as they never proceed from personal pique, or irritation of temper.

Gen. Hold your tongue ; you're at liberty. Open the gates.

Flo. Don't trouble yourself ; there's not the least hurry.

[*The Officers in action express the same.*

Gen. The truth is, I have played off an overcharged joke, and it has recoiled with a vengeance. Florvil, your hand ! I must afflict you—severely afflict you. In a word, your Juliette has eloped. [*With energy.*] Eloped !

Flo. [*With sang froid.*] You don't say so ? Very odd, isn't it ? I believe you take snuff. [*Presents a box.*

Gen. [*In a rage, pushing his hand into the box, and taking a large pinch—aside.*] Now wouldn't this make a Quaker kick his mother ? wouldn't it set fire to a snow ball ? I, with tears in my eyes, say, your mistress has eloped ; and he, with a grin, says, “ Very odd, ain't it ? ” I offer him his liberty, and he offers me a pinch of snuff ! Well, she's gone ; and the only consolation I have is, that her poor father has not returned, to reprobate her conduct and lament her loss.

Frivole. [*Without, c.*] Hollo ! news—glorious news !

Gen. Ah ! she's found ! she's found !

Enter FRIVOLE at the gate, running, and coming forward, c.

Where is she ? let me see her !

Fri. She—her ?—Who, sir ?

Gen. Juliette ; is she not here ?

Fri. No, sir, but her worthy father is.

Flo. What ! the Chevalier Dorval ?

Fri. The Chevalier Dorval.

Gen. This makes it perfect!

Fri. [*To Florvil.*] I was hastening to you, sir, with some indispensable necessities, as Eau de Cologne whisker brushes and tooth-picks, when I met the equipage of the chevalier; and I told him, general, that you were here.

[*Exit through the gate, c.*]

Gen. Thank you.

Flo. What a delightful meeting!

Gen. Very.

Flo. How I envy your feelings!

Gen. Do you?

Enter the CHEVALIER DORVAL through the gates c.—he bows to the Officers in passing—they salute him.

Dor. Ah, Verdun! my excellent old friend, how my heart rejoices at this re-union!

Gen. And mine grieves at it; I've said it!

Dor. Grieves! Does my child live?

Gen. Yes, she lives.

Dor. Where is she?

Gen. I don't know.

Dor. Not know! [*Indignantly.*] You promised that with your life you would protect her.

Gen. Yes, I said it.

Dor. But she is gone, and yet you live!

Gen. Yes, but I don't suppose I shall long.

Dor. Not unless this faithless arm betray its master. Name your time and place, general, I'll attend you.

[*Goes up c.*]

Gen. There; I knew what must happen—I said it! Oh, the sooner 'tis over the better; now, if you please. Good bye, Florvil.

[*Going up r.*]

Dor. [*Advancing, l.*] Florvil!

Flo. [*Bowing.*] Henri Florvil, of Veux Chateau.

Dor. Do I see the soldier I had destined for my daughter?

Flo. [*Aside.*] Huzza! she's mine!

Dor. Seek my poor child; be a husband—a father.

Flo. And if I could restore her to your arms, would you bestow her on me?

Dor. Her hand—my fortune—my gratitude.

Flo. Then, between ourselves, your friend the general has a vile trick of—

Gen. (R.) What?

Flo. I wish to use the most delicate expression—of being erroneous.

Gen. Erroneous! That I suppose is the dandy for—you lie!

Flo. For the sober truth is, your daughter at this moment is acting under his immediate authority and command.

Gen. If that isn't an erroneous one of the first magnitude, I'll be d—d! Now I've said it.

Flo. He saw her not ten minutes since.

Gen. Really, young gentleman, you must have a most exalted opinion of my patience.

Flo. (c.) Whatever my opinions are, I am ready to back them. I owe you a hundred: I'll bet that sum I prove what I say.

Gen. Done!

Flo. [*In an under tone, and taking the Chevalier and General by the hand.*] She is in this garrison.

Gen. A fetch—a mere double!

Flo. A double!—No, 'tis quits! She is one of the Invincibles, who are all women.

Officers. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Gen. [*Appealing to the Officers.*] Is that true?

[*They place their hands on their breasts.*]

Dor. [*Going.*] Let me embrace my child!

Gen. Stop! [*Half drawing his sword.*] I'll cut any man down that moves! Old friend! brother soldiers!—No, no!—D—n it! don't let your old general be giggled to death by girls!

[*Crosses to c.*]

Dor. But consider my feelings.

Gen. Zounds! consider my feelings! What! to be quizzed, and no revenge!—to stand the caannonade of women's tongues in full play!

Flo. (r.) Have you any artillery can silence it?

Gen. No; but I have a masked battery, if you'll help man it for me. I only ask shot for shot. The carnival is not over: give me but half an hour, and I'll finish it in style.

Dor. How can I consent to delay my happiness?

Gen. Why, I long to hug the saucy runaways as much as you do; but I must first cure them of campaigning. [*To the Officers.*] And I say, if I can make your mistresses repent of wearing our peculiars before marriage, it may prevent them putting them on afterwards. Listen. In the disguise of Algerines, we'll—Hush!

Re-enter BRUSQUE, O'SLASH, and TACTIQUE, L. S. E.

Sergeant, I relieve you of your prisoners; they must pre-

pare for action. The Algerines threaten a descent—perhaps have already landed. So prepare for an attack, and desperate will it be! But what of that? You command a battalion of Invalids sufficiently numerous, and, supported by these terrible death-dealing Invincibles, you will fertilize your laurels in the blood of your invaders.—So, brave men, conquer or die!—March!

[*Exeunt General Verdun, Chevalier Dorval, Captain Florvil, the Officers, and Guards, through the gates, c.—Tactique bars the gates after them.*]

Brus. Ah! ah! this news is refreshing to an old soldier, and pumps up the best blood in his veins!

O'Slash. And shall we have a bit of a flutter at last?

Brus. Now to animate the garrison.

O'Slash. I'll give them a ruffle. [*Beats the drum.*]

Victoire. [*Peeping in from the barracks.*] Where's the general?

Brus. Gone.

Vic. [*To the Invincibles without.*] He's gone!

Re-enter VICTOIRE and the rest of the Ladies, delighted,
R. S. E.

And where are your prisoners?

Brus. Gone, too!

[*Retires up with O'Slash and Tactique.*]

Invincibles. [*Alarmed.*] Gone!

Jul. And we left here?

Sop. And the gate closed and barred? What shall we do?

Jul. Cut our way out like men!

Omnes. Agreed!

Sop. Corporal, you go first.

Vic. No, I don't fight—I command. I command you to fight!

Jul. Why don't you come on? I can't kill 'em all myself!

Sop. I feel we are only bullies.

Vic. Then, at any rate, let us look like bullies.

Brus. They are advancing. [*Coming forward with Tactique and O'Slash.*] Now I'll harangue them, and kindle a martial flame.

O'Slash. Allow me.

Tac. No, no; let the sergeant.

O'Slash. Hold your gab! I think I can pour out a

blaze to bother 'em. You must know, sergeant, my father made breeches, but my mother wore 'em; and she early inspired me with her ardent spirit.

Brus. What was that?

O'Slash. Whiskey. Now mind, ye glorious Invincibles! who have never been in battle. Know, that the Algerines are upon the coast; and if they come on shore, it is very probable they will land, and attack this fortress. But we will put no faith in a true believer; for your Mussulman is as savage as a Turk, who never does things by halves, and therefore gives no quarter. So, with our hands in our arms—slips!—I mean, our arms in our hands, we'll murder them like human Christian soldiers;—and, if we are conquered, why, we'll die in the arms of victory!—*[Apart to Brusque.]* There, now! only watch the effects.

Brus. *[Crossing to c.]* To the ramparts! Come, my brave Invincibles! shoulder arms!

[Victoire and the rest hang down their heads, and remain motionless.]

O'Slash. Our Invincibles seem to be rather overcome. May be its the mugginess of the weather. Give them another poke—try again!

Brus. Shoulder arms! *[They ground their arms.]*

O'Slash. Oh! and if their shoulders lie so low, I can give a decent guess where their hearts lie!

[A gun is fired, L. U. E.—the Invincibles throw down their muskets, and run screaming into the barracks, R. S. E.]

Brus. What! deserted by my garrison? What do you think of the Invincibles now?

O'Slash. Why, I think the Invincibles are the Invisibles! I never saw such a run! *[Brusque goes up, c.]*

Tac. That movement was not according to art.

O'Slash. No: that movement was according to nature,

Tac. Vaubon says, section eleven, article—

O'Slash. Bother!—Only load me to the muzzle with grape, and give me an acre of green shamrock to manoeuvre in, and that for Vaubon, *[Snapping his fingers.]* and his cowardly fortifications!

Tac. First, we'll espilade the glacis, then retire upon the counterscarp, then retreat behind the curtain.

O'Slash. Retreat behind the curtain! I'll act like a man before the curtain: it is not the first time I've exposed myself there.

Brus. [*Coming down, c.*] They come!—What powder have we in the garrison?

Tac. Full three ounces.

Brus. And shot?

Tac. No shot.

O'Slash. No shot! Where's that you were rinsing out the bottles with?

Brus. We'll receive them at the point of the bayonet.

Tac. [*Showing the broken point of his bayonet.*] My bayonet has no point.

[*A drum is heard without, L. U. E.—Tactique mounts the ramparts.*]

Tac. The enemy is at the gate!

Captain Florvil. [*Without.*] Surrender!

Brus. No!

Florvil. [*Without.*] To the assault!

[*Three guns are fired without, L. U. E.*]

O'Slash. [*To Tactique.*] Three shots, and all missed you?

Tac. All missed.

O'Slash. Och, the bunglers! I'm ashamed of them!—Mind your eye!

Tac. They scale the walls—they are mounting the ladders! [*He comes down from the ramparts.*]

O'Slash. Mounting the ladders! I'll be bound the blackguards never had a hod upon their shoulders!

[*Drum without, L. U. E.*]

GENERAL VERDUN, CAPTAIN FLORVIL, and the FIVE OFFICERS, disguised as Turks, and the CHEVALIER DORVAL, as a Dervise, scale the ramparts—they descend, and come forward hastily.

CHORUS.

March to the Turkish drum,—

Strike where the Crescent waves!

We come! we come! we come!

Tremble, Christian slaves!

Gen. We have conquered!

Brus. Not yet!

Gen. Sign a capitulation.

Brus. Must I? Then find my other hand to do it.

Gen. Then surrender at discretion.

O'Slash. Propose discretion to an Irishman! That's a personal insult! Sergeant, dress your front;—Tactique, left eye right!—Take care you ain't out-flanked. I'm going to surround them. [*Crosses to L.*]

Gen. [*Apart to Brusque, taking off his turban.*] My brave veteran!

Brus. My commander! I surrender.

O'Slash. Surrender, do you? Then, for once, I'm not unanimous. [*Puts himself in a posture of attack.*]

Gen. [*Discovering himself.*] Corporal!

O'Slash. [*Whistling.*] What, a foreign three-tailed bashaw is my own homely, cross general! Here's a transmigration!

Gen. Where are the Invincibles?

Brus. The cowards are in the barracks.

Gen. [*Crossing to the barrack-door.*] The door barricaded! Bring a barrel of gunpowder, and blow them to the moon!

[*The Ladies scream within, and then rush out hastily, R. S. E., having resumed their female attire.—*]

VICTOIRE appears in a prim muslin cap, but has forgotten to remove her mustachios.

All the Females. Mercy! mercy!—We yield!

O'Slash. By the powers! all our army are women to a man! Oh, the luck of my not knowing it sooner, or I would have given them such an Irish salute!

Flo. [*Crossing to Juliette, and seizing her hand.*] This is my prize!

Officers. And this mine! [*Each takes a lady.*]

Flo. [*To the Chevalier.*] Holy dervise, approach, and unite me to this beautiful houri!

[*Dorval crosses to Juliette.*]

Jul. No, no!—In mercy, spare me!

Flo. What alarms you?

Gen. Perhaps 'tis our beards terrify them.

[*They all remove their turbans, &c.—the females utter a cry of joy, and rush into the arms of their lovers.*]

O'Slash. There's an encounter!—Smack! smack! smack!—Match that artillery if you can!

Flo. [*To Juliette.*] Yes, I am your Florvil!

Jul. I see—I know! [*Pointing to the Chevalier.*] But who is this? [*Dorval discovers himself.*] Ah! my father!

[*They embrace, and the Chevalier joins their hands.*]

Gen. But where's Victoire? [*Bringing her forward.*] Hey day, little whiskers!—What, in the dumps?

Vic. You're always frightening one. I thought I was going to the seraglio of the Dey of Algiers: I should have been grand sultana in a week.

O'Slash. If the Dey of Algiers dares to come and rob us of our darling girls, I'll show him he's a day after the fair!

Flo. [*Giving a bank-note.*] Victoire, here are the fifty pounds I promised.

Gen. I believe I must contribute. [*Searching his pockets.*] Hey day! where's my purse?

Vic. Do you mean that you gave the corporal? [*Laughing, and showing the purse.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Gen. [*Apart to her.*] Be quiet!

Vic. I hope it has a twin-brother! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Gen. [*Apart.*] Yes—hush! [*Aloud.*] But have you no one to share it? All seem mated but you.

Vic. There's Frivole.

Gen. Only Frivole?

Vic. Why, in these hard times, general, what kind of a man can you get for fifty pounds?

Gen. Very true.

Vic. Ah, my Invincibles! you think the field is won, and that you have only to repose under the shade of your laurels; but eyes front! [*Looking at the audience.*] There's an army! forty file deep!—Dare you advance?—There's a solid square!

O'Slash. In the shape of a half-moon.

Jul. They don't look like enemies.

Vic. But should there be a war of opinions——

O'Slash. Never mind how many opinions there are, if they are all unanimous! [*The drum rolls.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Ladies and Officers.

TAC. BRUS. JUL. FLO. VIC. GEN. DOR. O'SLASH. FRI.
R.] [L.]

THE END.

